MY CHILD...

OUR WORLD HAS ALWAYS BEEN *SPLIT IN TWO.*

THERE IS THE WORLD WE ARE BORN INTO AND TAKE FOR GRANTED. THE WORLD WE PASS OUR MORTAL DAYS WITHIN.

BUT AFTER THAT ENDS, THERE IS ANOTHER WORLD THAT SOME OF US PASS INTO.

THIS IS THE WORLD OF ***THE DEAD.***

THE ASHES.

THE DOMAIN OF ***GHOSTS*** AND ***LOST SOULS*** WHO CANNOT PASS ON, TRAPPED AS SHADOWS OF THEIR FORMER LIVING SELVES.

FORTUNATELY, THERE ARE ***RARE INSTANCES*** OF THOSE BORN AMONG US WHO HAVE POWER OVER THESE TROUBLED SHADES. THEY ARE THE ***SPECIAL ONES.***

BORN WITH A GIFT FOR ***MEDIUMSHIP***, THESE FOLK ARE BURDENED WITH THE TASK OF STANDING BETWEEN THE TWO WORLDS AND ENSURING THE LAWS OF ***BOTH.***

LONG AGO, KINGS AND LORDS OF LONG FORGOTTEN COUNTRIES SOUGHT THE POWERS OF THESE ***SPIRIT WRANGLERS*** IN ORDER TO RAISE ***GREAT ARMIES*** OF THE ***DEAD*** AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.

BUT ***UNDEAD ARMIES*** THAT CAN NEVER ***TIRE*** OR ***DIE*** MEANS THAT A ***WAR*** CAN NEVER ***END***.

FEARING FOR THE FUTURE, THE MEDIUMS MET WITH ONE ANOTHER. THEY AGREED TO CALL OFF THE SPIRIT HORDES, AND SPARE WHAT REMAINED OF THE ***RAVAGED LAND.***

IN THE END, IT WAS ***TOO LATE*** FOR THE KINGS AND RULERS WHO HAD ***MISUSED*** THE DEAD FOR THEIR ***GREED.***

THE MEDIUMS FORMED AN ***ALLIANCE*** UNDER THE BANNER OF THE ***CROW*** – DEATH'S MESSENGER – AND VOWED TO ***NEVER*** MISUSE THEIR SUPERNATURAL ABILITIES ***AGAIN.***

'NO GHOST SHALL FIGHT A WAR FOR THE LIVING, FOR A DEAD MAN'S WARS ARE DONE.'

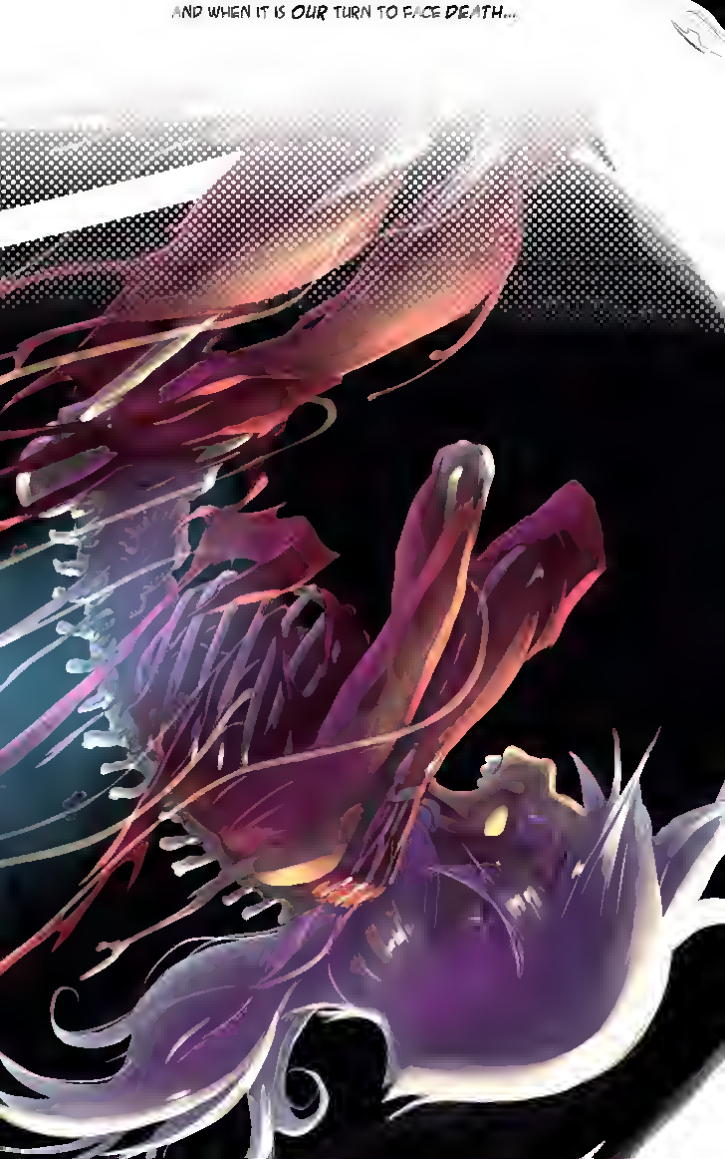
HISTORY MOVED FORWARD, AND NEW KINGDOMS AROSE. FROM THE **SHADOWS**, THE **CROWS** ENSURED THAT THE LIVING WOULD BE **SAFE** FROM THE DEAD, AND THE DEAD FROM THE **SCHEMES** OF THE LIVING.

AND SO, HERE WE ARE, *CHILD*.

ON THE SURFACE, ***LIFE*** FOR THE ***LIVING*** IS PEACEFUL.

BUT ON THE OTHER SIDE, IN THE *ASHES*, LOST SOULS ARE STILL *TRAPPED*. STILL UNABLE TO *MOVE ON*.

AND WHEN IT IS *OUR* TURN TO FACE *DEATH*...



...WILL WE, TOO, BE DAMNED TO
BECOME GHOSTS FOR ETERNITY?

OH.

IT'S
MORNING.

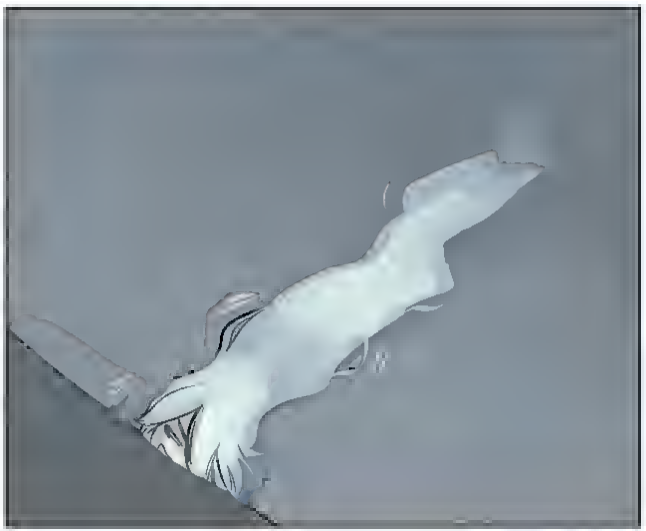
ANOTHER
STRANGE
DREAM.

WHOOPS. FELL ASLEEP HALFWAY INTO ***THE WALL*** AGAIN.

WELL, THAT'S THE ***ONE DECENT THING*** ABOUT ***BEING DEAD.*** COMFORT IS NEVER ***REALLY*** ON YOUR MIND.

HMPH.

MORE **TRESPASSERS** TODAY, SOUNDS LIKE, TRYING TO ENTER MY **PRECIOUS HOUSE.**



IT'S TIME TO **DO SOME HAUNTING.**

RISE FROM ASHES